

HEIRS TO EUROPEAN THRONES.

By Richard H. Titherington.



HERE may come a time when the institution of monarchy will become extinct, but that time shows no signs of an immediate approach. Most, if not all, of the heirs to the numerous thrones of the old world could no doubt guarantee themselves against revolutions—if any such system of insurance were in operation—at a very moderate premium. Men have been generally agreed for ages that of the three chief forms of government—democracy, oligarchy, monarchy—the former is at least theoretically the best. There have, too, been abundant examples, in almost all periods of the world's history, of republican polities in successful operation. And yet other nations have displayed a strange tendency to cling to other systems. In some cases this has no doubt been due to inability to shake off the grasp of a military tyranny. In some cases it may have been caused by a romantic attachment to the ancient doctrine of the divine right of kings. But the feeling which, more than any other, contributes to the present political stability of the leading countries of Europe, is that expressed long ago in Pope's lines :

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best.

That is probably the strongest argument that Pope's countrymen of today can use to justify their adherence to the British governmental system. Cumbersome, antiquated, and

utterly illogical as it is, its performance of the main functions of authority is certainly effective and satisfactory. Nowhere else are the lives, property, and rights of individuals better protected. The administration of justice and the maintenance of civil and religious liberty are as thorough and impartial as they are anywhere. If compelled to choose between monarchical England and republican Chili for his place of residence, even the most enthusiastic democrat would probably select the former.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES—HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

There is some truth in the statement that the British throne owes its strength to its weakness. As everybody knows, it has to a large extent ceased to be a political power, and become merely a social institution. For that reason it does not excite the hostility of the reformers who are venturing to demand the abolition of that oligarchical survival, the House of Lords. England may be, and indeed already is, practically a democracy, with the entire political power centered in an omnipotent chamber of deputies, but she is tolerably certain to retain her monarchical figurehead for a long time to come.

Unless he should die before his mother, the Prince of Wales will succeed her as the titular head of the

most colossal empire the world ever saw, which covers one sixth of the land surface of the globe, and includes among its heterogeneous subjects nearly one quarter of the entire human race. He will thereafter be known by the style and title of His Majesty Albert Edward, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, besides a list of such subordinate appellations as Duke of Lancaster, Knight of the Garter, and so forth almost *ad libitum*. He will come into possession of all the royal palaces, the crown jewels, the royal yacht, and all the magnificent perquisites of the British throne. He will receive from the treasury of a rich and generous nation some two

million dollars a year for his personal and household expenses. He will doubtless inherit a considerable share of the accumulated private property of his mother, who during a long and frugal life is said to have salted away four or five millions sterling.

The gentleman who has this brilliant prospect before him was born at Buckingham Palace on the 9th of November, 1841, and recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday. Only once previously in the history of England, it may be noted, has a Prince of Wales lived for half a century before ascending the throne. From his mother he inherited the blood of the Hanoverian electors who, in the person of George I, came over to rule England in 1714; from his father, that of an equally ancient Guelph family, the princes of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The range of his experience has been a varied



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES—HEIR APPARENT TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

one. In his early days he studied at Oxford and at Cambridge, spent three months at the Curragh, the great Irish camp, and traveled all over Europe. In 1860 he visited Canada, and, at the express invitation of President Buchanan, the tour was extended to the United States. It is hardly necessary to add that in this great republic a real live prince was received with open arms. On the 10th of March, 1863, he was married to Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julia, eldest daughter of the King of Denmark. In November, 1871, he was brought to death's door by a severe attack of typhoid fever. The national sympathy with him in the time of danger, and jubilation at his recovery, were really remarkable expressions of the loyalty of the English people to their reigning house. His later life has been somewhat uneventful, its chief incident being his visit to India in 1876.

The Prince of Wales is far from being an immaculate personage, but there is much that may be said to his credit. The fact that he undoubtedly enjoys a tremendous personal popularity among his countrymen may in itself be counted as the performance of an important function of royalty. *He gives* a large share of his time to public duties of all sorts—holding levees, opening institutions and exhibitions, reviewing troops, laying foundation stones, and the like. Various *beneficent* movements have had his active help. He is always *punctual* and gracious. Not all of his amusements, perhaps, are highly creditable—a prince should not carry baccarat counters as part of his traveling outfit—but his interest in music, art, literature, and science is genuine. He is a raiser of horses and cattle, fond of outdoor sport, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Grand Master of the English Freemasons.

The Prince of Wales's London residence is Marlborough House, immediately opposite St. James's Palace. Besides this he owns Sandringham, in Norfolk, and Abergeldie, on the Scotch river Dee, not far from



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK—HEIR TO THE DANISH THRONE.

the Queen's country house at Balmoral. He has five living children, the eldest of whom is Albert Victor Christian Edward, born on the 8th of January, 1864. This young prince, popularly known by the somewhat disrespectful sobriquet of "Collars and Cuffs," will one day, in the natural course of events, succeed to the English throne. After acquiring the rudiments of education from a private tutor, he and his brother George, seventeen months his junior, spent some time as cadets on board the training ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth, and then cruised around the world on the *Bacchante*. An account of the voyage, nominally, at least, written by the two princes, was published shortly after their return. Albert Victor next went to Trinity College, Cambridge, spent a short time at the university of Heidelberg, and then entered the army. He is now serving with the Tenth Hussars



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, CZAREVITCH OF RUSSIA.

at the Curragh Camp. He has already taken some part in public life, having taken his seat in the House of Lords with the title, conferred upon him by the Queen, of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and having replaced his father at a variety of ornamental occasions. He has not, however, as yet succeeded in producing much impression of intellectual power. The announcement has just been made of his engagement to Princess Victoria Mary, the only daughter of the Duke of Teck. The young princess, who may thus become Queen of England, was born on the 6th of May, 1867, and is a somewhat distant cousin to her prospective bridegroom. Her

mother, the Duchess of Teck, is a sister of Queen Victoria's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, and a granddaughter of George III.

The throne of little Denmark, with her fifteen thousand square miles of territory and her population of two millions, is not, of course, in material consequence, comparable to those of greater nations. There was a time when she was one of the most powerful countries of northern Europe. Her kings have ruled over England, Sweden, and Norway. Norway had indeed been hers for nine centuries when it was taken from her in 1815, when the map of Europe was reorganized after the expulsion of Napoleon.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM—HEIR TO THE GERMAN THRONE.

Since then her two southernmost provinces, the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, have been absorbed by greedy Prussia.

Her reigning family, which is of German origin, tracing its descent through the old dukes of Schleswig-Holstein, owes its chief present interest and importance to its connections with other royal houses. In that respect it is certainly remarkable. Of the six children of Christian IX, his eldest daughter is the wife of the English heir apparent; his second son is King of the Greeks; his second daughter, Dagmar, is the wife of the

Czar of Russia. Prince Waldemar, his youngest son, who is married to an Orleanist princess, the daughter of the Duc de Chartres, was elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1886, but—perhaps not unwisely—declined to accept the somewhat precarious throne of the little state. Thyra, the Danish king's youngest daughter, married the Duke of Cumberland, who is Queen Victoria's cousin and George III's great-grandson.

The remaining member of the family is Frederick, Prince Royal and heir to the Danish throne. He is a man of forty eight, who was



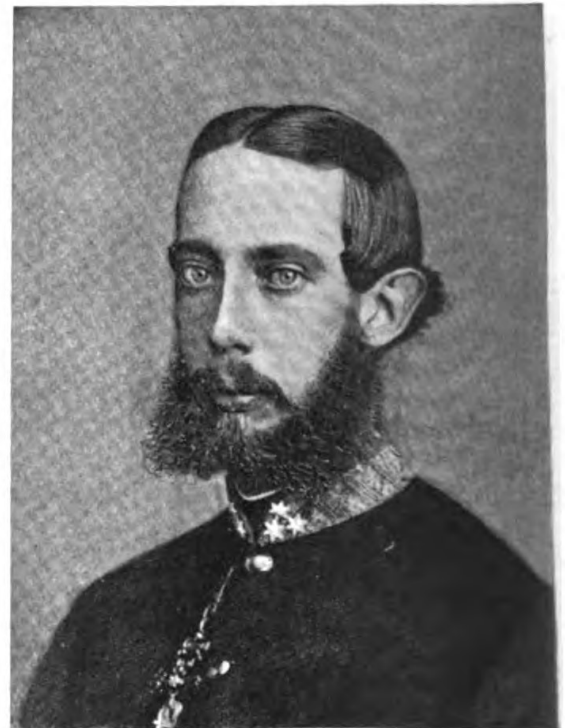
CROWN PRINCE GUSTAVUS—HEIR TO THE SWEDISH THRONE.

married in 1869 to Princess Louise, a niece of the King of Sweden, and has a family of five sons and two daughters. His eldest son, the heir presumptive to the crown, is Prince Christian, who is now twenty one years of age.

If any crowned head rests uneasily it is probably the one that bears the diadem of Holy Russia. The history of the house of Romanoff, since its elevation to the imperial throne in 1613, has been full of tragedies. It has at the same time witnessed a steady and immense expansion of the power and territory of the huge empire that is now at once an enigma and a menace to the rest of Europe. The destiny of Russia is one of the great problems of the future. Her avowed hostility to the influences of civilization, her scornful contempt for the great principles of human liberty, her vast command of naked force, make her a mighty and mysterious figure among nations. The

twentieth century may see Europe overrun by her armed millions. It may see her strength eaten out by the smoldering fires of internal discontent. It may bring a carnival of blood in the struggle between military autocracy and an anarchistic movement born of despair, or it may—and we hope against hope that it will—lead gradually toward a newer and better order of things.

In the evolution of these tremendous problems a very important part may be played by the slender, dark haired youth whose portrait is printed on page 400. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who as heir to the crown bears the title of Czarevitch, will probably one day succeed to the throne that his father, Alexander III, has occupied since Alexander II perished by the bomb of an assassin in March, 1881. He was born in 1868, educated after the customary manner of princes, and did little to attract the eyes of the world up to a year ago, when, accompanied by Prince George of Greece, he undertook an Eastern tour that was notable in more ways than one. Landing at Bombay on the 23rd of December,



ARCHDUKE KARL LUDWIG—HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.



THE PRINCE OF NAPLES—HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE.

1890, he traveled all over India and Ceylon, and was received with the most elaborate honors by the British officials and the native princes of the great peninsula. The journey was interpreted by some political observers as a proof, by others as a disproof, of the supposed Russian designs upon India. Continuing his eastward way, the Czarevitch met with a sensational incident at Otsu, in Japan, where a native policeman made a murderous attack upon him which might have been successful but for the intervention of Prince George. As it was he escaped with a slight wound. It was strenuously denied that the assault originated from political motives, but nevertheless it is highly possible that the would-be assassin was influenced by

the hatred of Russian aggression that has arisen in the peoples of eastern Asia.

Four or five years ago a photograph that had a wide circulation in and out of Germany, under the title of "Hohenzollern Glück," showed four generations of the imperial family—the nonagenarian emperor, William I; his son Frederick, still in the prime of handsome manhood; his grandson, the young Prince William, and his infant great-grandson, Prince William's firstborn. A few months later a great change had taken place. "Hohenzollern Luck" had been shattered by the heavy hand of death. William I and Frederick III had passed away. The young prince was now the Kaiser, and his infant son was Crown Prince Frederick William,



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PORTUGAL.

the next in succession to the throne of the empire founded twenty years ago, in the hour of victory over the ancient foe of Germany.

It was in February, 1881, that William II was married to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, whose family is collaterally related to the royal house of Denmark. The pretty little Marmorpalais at Potsdam was assigned to the young couple as a summer residence, while their winters were spent in a wing of

the imperial Schloss at Berlin. Little Frederick William was born in 1882, and almost every subsequent year has brought its newborn princeling. There are six of them now—bright faced, healthy lads, who are being trained according to the Spartan traditions of the Hohenzollerns. At six o'clock, summer and winter, they are up and into their cold baths; then they file in to breakfast with their father, saluting him in military fashion as they

enter. The elder of them have private tutors; the Crown Prince, it is understood, is soon to be sent to the great army school at Lichterfelde. Later he will probably matriculate at the university of Bonn, as his father did. William is first and last a soldier, and evidently thinks that a military training will best fit his son to succeed him as "war lord" of the great German military machine.

A sad contrast to the sturdy strength of the Hohenzollern stock is presented by the dynasty that was long its rival for the primacy of Germany—the great Austrian house of Hapsburg. Originally coming from Switzerland, where, in the canton of Aargau, still stands the ruined castle that was their *stammhaus*, the Hapsburgs have ruled in Vienna since the thirteenth century. Their recent history has been one of little else than disaster and disgrace. Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne resigned by his uncle Ferdinand in 1848, amid the throes of popular revolution, has seen his armies defeated by those of France, Italy, and Prussia. The provinces of Lombardy and Venetia have been wrested from him, his brother Maximilian met a tragic fate in Mexico, and his only son died a shameful death by his own hand. The suicide of Rudolph, the Crown Prince, which took place in 1889, under circumstances hardly necessary to recount, left the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Karl Ludwig, heir to the imperial crown.

Born in 1833, Karl Ludwig is only three years younger than the Emperor. In early life he filled several important offices with credit. As Governor of the Tyrol he displayed a good deal of administrative ability, and won a general popularity. But the death of his young wife, Margaretha of Saxony, was a blow that developed the dark strain of melancholy innate in his character. For months he was on the verge of insanity, and when his personal sorrow was followed by the successive disasters of the Austrian wars, he withdrew from public life and immured

himself in a gloomy seclusion. But for the Emperor's dissuasion he would have entered a monastery. Gradually, however, he emerged from retirement. He took a second wife—Princess Annunciata, of the dispossessed royal family of Naples; and when she too died he married for a third time. His present wife is Maria Theresa, of the Portuguese house of Braganza. His residence in Vienna is now one of the social and literary centers of the Austrian capital, but it is said that no reference to any political subject is permitted there. The Archduke is a man of refinement, who takes an active interest in art and science, and whose large wealth is always at the command of charitable movements. But he cares nothing for public affairs, dislikes democratic ideas, and is altogether out of sympathy with modern politics. Should he outlive his brother, Francis Joseph, he will be a strange figure to stand at the head of the Austrian empire.

Next in succession to the throne is the Archduke Francis, the son of Karl Ludwig by his second wife, born in 1863.

To the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs a gloomy parallel may be found in the woes of the Wittelsbachs, a family connected with them by the ties of frequent intermarriage. The Wittelsbachs have ruled Bavaria as electors since the twelfth century, and as kings since Napoleon raised them to royal rank. Their long line, too, has sunk into the mire of degeneracy and insanity. Ludwig II, notoriously crazy, drowned himself in the Starnberg lake in June, 1886, and was succeeded by his brother Otto, a madman who has to be kept in close confinement. With these two the direct line ends. The royal functions are exercised by Prince Luitpold, the mad king's uncle, who is also the heir to the throne. Next to him stands his son Ludwig, born in 1845, who married an Austrian archduchess and has four sons, the eldest of whom, born in 1869, is Prince Rupert.

Umberto, the second king of a re-

united and regenerated Italy, has only one child—Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples. To this youth, who is now in his twenty third year, may descend the leadership of a nation that has during recent years developed its army and navy more rapidly than any other. He has too recently emerged from tutelage to have made, as yet, any very decided impression upon his contemporaries. His education—classical, scientific, and military—has been thorough, and he has recently traveled much. In July last, during a visit to England, he was greeted by the municipal magnates of London and the college dons of Oxford, and was decorated by the Queen with the Order of the Garter.

The King of the Greeks has already been mentioned as a prince of the Danish blood, raised to the throne of Hellas by a popular vote in 1863. His queen, Olga, was a Russian grand duchess, first cousin to the present Czar. He has no lack of direct descendants. His heir, Prince Constantine, is the eldest of seven children, and has a son George, born in 1890, the offspring of a marriage with Sophia, third sister of the Kaiser William.

Compared with those of some other nations, the royal family of Sweden is a mere thing of yesterday. It was founded by Bernadotte, the son of a country lawyer in France, who enlisted as a private in the armies of his country, fought his way to fame as one of Napoleon's marshals, and in 1810 was designated by the Swedish diet as heir to the throne. He succeeded in 1818, and the present king, Oscar II, is his grandson.

Oscar II married Princess Sophia of the mediatized duchy of Nassau, and has four sons, the eldest of whom is the Prince Royal Gustavus. His portrait on page 402 has a martial appearance partially due to his elaborately decorative uniform. In civilian garb he is a mild mannered gentleman, short sighted, and youthful looking for his years, which number thirty three. He married Vic-

toria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and cousin to the Kaiser, in 1881, and has three sons.

Whether Belgium will ultimately be swallowed by Germany, or will ever again be united to France as she was under Napoleon, it is impossible to foretell. More probable than either of these, perhaps, is the prophecy that Europe will preserve her independence, as a buffer between her great and hostile neighbors. She has been, as it were, the ward of the great powers, whose representatives, at a conference held in London in 1831, established the Belgian kingdom on its present footing and called Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the throne. His son, Leopold II, is the reigning monarch, and as he has no son the heir to the crown is his brother, Philip, Count of Flanders.

The remaining European kingdoms, besides the minor states of Germany and the Balkan peninsula, are Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. Two of these are now ruled, in name, by children. If little Alfonso XIII should die before he is old enough to have a direct heir, he would presumably be succeeded by his sister, the Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, unless the Carlists, the republicans, or some other of the numerous discordant factions of Spain should manage to upset the established order of things. A disputed succession, it must be remembered, is by no means an unprecedented event in Spanish history.

Wilhelmina, the eleven year old Queen of the Netherlands, is the present representative of the historic house of Orange, whose connection with Holland dates from William the Silent, first stadtholder of the Dutch republic. She was the child of her father's old age, for William III was almost sixty two when he married her mother, Princess Emma of Waldeck, a girl of twenty. He had two sons by a former marriage, the elder of whom was Prince George of Orange, a brainless and dissipated youth, known by the familiar nickname of "Citrons" on the Paris boulevards. As both he and his

brother died before their father, little Wilhelmina became queen on the death of William III in 1890. Should she die without issue, the succession would presumably, with the consent of the states general, pass to her cousin, Prince Charles of Saxe-Weimar.

His future responsibilities have not yet begun to burden the heir to the throne of Portugal. The youthful scion of a long line of Braganzas

is a bright little four year old. It will be seen from the group on page 404, in which he stands beside his mother and his infant brother, that Crown Prince Louis Philippe has not yet been promoted to the dignity of those bifurcated garments that mark the advent of boyhood. His mother was Princess Amelie of the dethroned Orleans family before she married Charles I of Portugal five years ago.

LOVE'S AUCTION.

I.

WHO will buy a sonnet sweet,
 Rondeau bright, or virelay?
 Who will purchase verses neat?
 Hasten, lovers, while ye may.
 Come and scan my tender ware
 Writ by me for Phyllis' eyes—
 Praising Phyllis, slender, fair;
 Lauding Phyllis to the skies.
 When to sing them would I fain,
 Longing thus to charm her ear,
 Turning from me in disdain,
 Flouting Phyllis would not hear.

II.

So do I, in vengeful mood,
 On the market fling my song:
 Short on maids who would be wooed—
 Still on verses I am long.
 Swains enamored, won't you try
 Distichs to your languid fair?
 Whether blue or brown her eye—
 What the color of her hair—
 Change the praises as you may,
 Still the rhythm flows along.
 Must I give my wares away?
 Can't I sell them for a song?

III.

Lovers ye, who scorn my rhymes,
 Let me learn your wooing rule.
 Am I far behind the times?
 Must I go again to school?
 Gone, you say, the golden days,
 When in verse sweet love was told?
 Maids are won in other ways—
 These are days of naught but gold!
 Hear I your replies aright?
 I will drop my rhyming neat,
 And instead, to her indite
 Copies of my balance sheet.

James King Duffy.